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AN

HEROIC CONGRATULATION,

ADDRESSED TO THE

Honourable Auguſtus Keppel,

ADMIRAL of the BLUE;

On His being Unanimouſly, Honourably, and Fully acquitted of the *Five Malicious* and *Ill-founded Charges* exhibited againſt Him by Sir *Hugh Palliſer*, Vice Admiral of the Blue.

To which is annexed,

An ADDRESS to the PUBLIC,

Containing the *Five Charges*, interſperſed with Metaphors, Animadverſions, and Alluſions, ſuitable to the Subject, to diſplay their *Abſurdity*, and vindicate the *untarniſhed* Honour of the *Britiſh* Navy.

LONDON:

Printed for the AUTHOR;

And Sold by J. DODSLEY, in Pall-Mall; J. ALMON, in Piccadilly; RICHARDSON and URQUHART, at the Royal Exchange; J. BEW, in Pater-noſter Row; and P. BROWN, No. 118, oppoſite Exeter Change, in the Strand.

THE DEDICATION.

TO THE

Honourable Auguſtus Keppel.

SIR,

WHILST the Legiſlature of Great Britain; the Magiſtracy of London; and many other great Cities and Towns, unite, with Incorporated Societies, to congratulate, and applaud; and univerſal Satisfaction pervades the Kingdom; all Ranks rejoicing at your HONOURABLE ACQUITTAL; I have preſumed, among the reſt, to contribute my Mite; and have joined in the general Exultation. Be pleaſed, Sir, to pardon my Preſumption, and accept the following Lines, as

the warm Effuſions of Heart-felt Joy! to ſee the ſudden Attempt againſt your Life, and Fame, fruſtrated: your Enemies, according to their Demerits, covered with Diſgrace and Shame; and your untarniſhed Honour, with that of the Britiſh Navy, vindicated.

May you long live, to enjoy the great Honour you have gained; be ſucceſsful in every future Undertaking againſt the Enemies of Great Britain; accumulate Fame, and grow ſtill more rich in Public Love.

When the great and important Affairs, which neceſſarily engage your Attention, in your Honourable Station, will permit a Peruſal; if you then, condeſcend to caſt a Look of Approbation on my Endeavours, I ſhall think myſelf highly honoured; and ſhall have gained the Summit of my Ambition.

I am, SIR,

With the greateſt Deference,

Your moſt obedient,

And moſt humble Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

TO

TO THE

HONOURABLE

AUGUSTUS KEPPEL.

ILLUSTRIOUS KEPPEL! who canſt well abide
The TEST, like Gold, when in the Furnace try'd;
And like that poliſh'd undiminiſh'd Ore,
Unſully'd ſhine, much brighter than before:
This TRIBUTE due, this TRIUMPH over Guile,
Accept; and read with a forgiving Smile:
If I preſume too much, whilſt I impart
The warm Effuſions of an honeſt Heart!

When tamp'ring Gallic, moſt perfidious Foes,
Had rouz'd the dormant Lion from Repoſe!

Had in our civil Quarrel interfer'd,
And had the Flag of bold Defiance rear'd;
Had openly declar'd they dar'd to meet,
And fight Great Britain's formidable Fleet!
We heard with Pleaſure, and we made our Boaſt,
Our naval Zone girded the Britiſh Coaſt!
And a ſufficient * Squadron ready lay,
To ſail, and claim Dominion on the Sea;
To cruiſe off Breſt, and with tremendous Roar
Of Britiſh Thunder, ſhake the Gallic Shore!
With Joy, we heard THEE, CHIEF in the Command!
To ſcour their Coaſt, and guard the Britiſh Land!
And read among the Candidates for Fame,
A KEPPEL'S, CAMPBELL'S, HARLAND'S, LOCKHART'S † Name:

* What this ſufficient Squadron was, is beſt explain'd by Admiral Keppel, in his Defence.

† Sir John Lockhart Roſs; who, in the Tartar, laſt War, became a Terror to the Royal Frigates, Privateers, and Merchant Ships of France; afterwards, had the Chatham, a 50 Gun Ship; And in the Engagement off Uſhant, in the Shrewſbury, a 74 Gun Ship, bravely ſupported the Honour of the Britiſh Flag; and gallantly wore, as ſoon as He had paſſed the French Rear, and ſtood for the Enemy: By that laudable Experiment, though he failed in his aſſiduous Endeavour to continue, or renew the Action, He, in a great Meaſure, invalidated Sir Hugh Palliſer's ſecond Charge againſt Admiral Keppel; and proved the Impracticability, or great Hazard of the ill Conſequences attending that Manœuvre. Vide his own Words. "As ſoon "as I wore, I ſaw I ſhould throw myſelf, and the Ships that were ſtanding towards "me, into the greateſt Confuſion; ſo I wore back again, *immediately*."

We

With many GALLANT CHIEFS, in Battle try'd,
In whom we cou'd implicitly confide.
We knew thy MERITS, and the PUBLIC VOICE,
Gave a loud Sanction to the Sov'reign's Choice;
To ſend THEE forth with Britain's gallant Tars,
Led by MINERVA, and inſpir'd by MARS:
We had no Fear to truſt our Cauſe with Thee,
Againſt a bold ſelected Enemy:
Well ſatisfy'd Thou'dſt lead the Britiſh Fleet,
Where BRAV'RY call'd, and PRUDENCE wou'd permit;
And ev'ry em'lous CHIEF, at HONOUR's Call,
Wou'd ſtrive to win ſome LAURELS from the Gaul.
We ſaw Thee ſail, and France her Fear confeſt,
Her Fleet at Anchor in the Port of Breſt!
A ſecond Time, we ſaw THEE leave the Shore;
And the French Fleet, more num'rous than before,
Compleatly mann'd, reſolv'd at length to weigh,
Unfurl'd their Sails, and ſoon appear'd at Sea:
Apparent Backwardneſs to fight prevail'd,
Along their Coaſt moſt cautiouſly they ſail'd!
Four Days * ſucceſſively they hove in Sight!
Yet, with Reluctance, ſeem'd to ſhun the Fight!

* Vide the Narrative, extracted from the Formidable's Log-Book.

A more

A more than common EFFORT was requir'd,
To close their REAR, and gain the END desir'd:
THOU mad'st that Effort! * and the END was gain'd;
And only this Alternative remain'd,
To wear, and fight, or else confess their Fear,
To bear away, and leave th' *insulted Rear*:
They chose the first, and unexpected wore,
And down towards the BRITISH FLEET they bore!
When, soon as possible, the Frenchmen felt
The WONTED * VENGEANCE, Britain's Seamen dealt;
And in this rugged long avoided Test,
Their great SUPERIORITY * confest:
For tho', when past, the Frenchmen seem'd t' incline
To fight, as they renew'd their broken Line,
To cover their Designs, they only made
A shew for Fight; *a Naval Gasconade*:
And under *Covert* of the *friendly Night*,
Their Canvas spread, and made *a speedy Flight*.
Surpris'd! the *Tars at Day-Light* look'd around;
The Foes were flown! no Frenchmen cou'd be found!
To Brest they fled; there moor'd in Safety lay;
And boasted Britain's Squadron ran away!

* Vide the Narrative, extracted from the Formidable's Log-Book.

We knew THEE VICTOR; ſuch was our SUCCESS
In ev'ry Part; we cou'd conclude no leſs;
Whilſt unobſtructed, with their *precious Stores*,
Both from the *Weſtern*, and *Eaſt Indian Shores*,
Fleet after *Fleet*, triumphantly arriv'd!
Our *Commerce flouriſh'd!* and our *Merchants thriv'd!*
Fleets Outward-bound, quite *unmoleſted* ſail'd!
In France a *Naval Lethargy* prevail'd!
Their *unprotected Trade* became our Prey!
Our *Privateers*, and *Cruiſers*, ſcour'd the Sea!
On their own Coaſt, the *Gallic Ships annoy'd*,
And their *Eaſt Indian Trade* almoſt *deſtroy'd!*
Their *captiv'd* rich *Weſt Indian Ships* by Scores,
Landed their Cargoes in the Britiſh Stores!
This muſt of Courſe *enrich our Land*, and fall
Heavy upon *th' impoveriſhing Gaul!*
Such was the *Stupor* which in France prevail'd!
Such was the *Panic* which their Hearts aſſail'd!
Such was the State of *their unguarded Coaſt!*
As gave the *Lie* to their *victorious Boaſt!*
A grateful PUBLIC mark'd the GOOD EFFECT;
And ſpoke of THEE, with Pleaſure, and Reſpect;
Exulting, and confirm'd in that Belief,
Applauded THEE, with each deſerving CHIEF!

This *Happineſs* was much too great to laſt;
Our *Joys* receiv'd almoſt a ſudden Blaſt.
Pale Envy cou'd not bear to ſee THEE ſhine;
To blaſt thy LAURELS, with a black Deſign,
The Breath of Malice, in a *legal Form,*
Around THEE rais'd an *unexpected Storm!*
As ſtands the Man, ſuſpended, and amaz'd!
Round whom a ſudden Flaſh of Lightning blaz'd!
And o'er whoſe Head a Clap of Thunder broke,
Whilſt unrecover'd from the dreadful Shock:
His ſolemn Countenance, and fixed Eyes,
Amply declare th' internal vaſt Surpriſe!
So, I ſuſpended ſtood, when ev'ry Charge,
By Palliſer, was firſt proclaim'd at large!
Firm as He ſeem'd, and ſettled in his Place;
I thought He ſtood upon a Sandy Baſe:
On that Foundation, wou'd be found no more,
Soon as the riſing Naval Storm ſhou'd roar!
I ſaid each Charge muſt fruitleſs prove at laſt,
As through my Mind thy gallant Actions paſt:
So uncontaminated was thy Fame,
I thought whoever dar'd to blaſt the ſame,
Wou'd find the Undertaking much too great,
For his weak Efforts ever to complete;

And wou'd be cover'd with diſhoneſt Shame,
Inſtead of blaſting thy deſerved Fame.
FIRM as a PYRAMID, I ſaw THEE ſtand;
Concluding thus; that with his feeble Hand,
Thy raſh Antagoniſt can never make
The Laurel'd Wreath around thy Temples ſhake;
Nor blaſt the FOLIAGE (with his tainted Breath,)
Which brave Men wiſh to flouriſh after Death.
I cou'd not hope amidſt this grand Diſpute,
Th' Accuſer's *Log-Book* wou'd Himſelf confute!
Or thoſe, He brought his Charges to ſupport,
Wou'd prove thy FRIENDS before the WORTHY COURT!
Or that Himſelf thy CHARACTER wou'd clear!
And make thy WORTH, and INNOCENCE appear!
Like Haman, ſtrive aſſiduouſly to prove,
This is the MAN the PUBLIC ought to love!
This is the MAN who can the TEST abide!
In whom the KING ſhou'd graciouſly confide!
I knew thy WORTH; had oft inroll'd thy NAME
'Mongſt Britain's WORTHIES, in her Liſt of Fame:
So long around thy Head had LAURELS grown,
So well in gen'ral were thy MERITS known;
Theſe things I thought might ſilence all Diſpute,
And make the Tongue of Prejudice grow mute;

Not

Not daring to anticipate the Blame,
Nor ſtrive to blaſt thy yet unſpotted Fame:
But keep within what Malice ſhou'd ſuggeſt,
'Till Thou hadſt ſtood an undeſerved Teſt!
Indignant Thouſands diſapprov'd the Man,
Who cou'd deviſe that execrable Plan!
Strange! and moſt unexpected ſeem'd each Charge!
Thy Cauſe became the Nation's Cauſe at large:
He's greatly Brave! wou'd Friend to Friend reply!
He's Innocent! was ſtill the gen'ral Cry:
With ſuch firm Confidence, did Men declare
Their Sentiments, of this abſurd Affair!
Impatient, for thy Sake, of ſlow Delay!
Anticipating what the Court wou'd ſay!
Words cannot paint the Pleaſure which appear'd
Among all Ranks! when we the Verdict heard:
Pleas'd as a Lover, when the Fair one Smiles,
Diſpels his Doubts, and ev'ry Care beguiles;
Thus gratify'd: we Preparations made,
To baniſh from the Town nocturnal Shade!
Still greatly pleas'd: upon the following Night,
A Repetition ſpoke our vaſt Delight!
But when thy ſafe Arrival was made known,
So full of Emulation were we grown;

Our

Our Joys quite unreſtrain'd, again ſhone forth;
And prov'd how much we valu'd Naval Worth;
How much thy Safety was the Public Care!
How dear to Britons their brave Warriors are!
Beyond whatever we before had known;
Grandly illumin'd, all the City ſhone!
Like Electricity, the Tranſport flew
From Square, to Square; and ſoon they brilliant grew!
An overflowing Flood of Pleaſure ran
From Street, to Street! and ſpread from Man to Man!
Exulting Fair Ones, Approbation gave;
The ſofter Sex revere, and love the Brave!
Conſcious, for Safety, Thanks to them are due;
The Guardians of their Lives, and Honours too.
This ſhew'd our Deteſtation of thy Foes,
Who cou'd diſturb the National Repoſe!
Who made th' Attempt againſt thy Fame, and Life,
The hateful Ground-work of a Civil Strife!
Seeds of Diſſenſion 'mongſt our Chiefs to ſow!
Who ſhou'd, as one, unite againſt the Foe;
A Patriotic Phalanx, ſhou'd advance,
And launch their Thunders 'gainſt the Sons of France.

As a fond Mother will tranſported run,
To meet her favourite returning Son;
By Providence preſerv'd, 'midſt bluſt'ring Wars,
In Neptune's Realm, or in the Field of Mars;
Whilſt the big Tears ſtand trembling in her Eyes,
He's ſafe! He's ſafe! with Extaſy She cries!
She ſtands, and with unſpeakable Delight,
Views Him again with Smiles, and feeds her Sight!
The moſt maternal Tranſport ſtronger grows!
And all her Soul with Pleaſure overflows!
So, we ſurvey'd the Guardian of our Land,
Attended by a truly noble Band;
Who, conſtantly appear'd for the Defence,
And ſtrong Support of injur'd Innocence.
As ſhe reveres with warmeſt Gratitude,
Thoſe, who ſupported Him 'midſt Conflicts rude;
And interpos'd t' avert each poiſon'd Dart,
Launch'd from a ſavage Band, to reach his Heart.
So, ev'ry brave Commander we revere!
Who came to make thine Innocence appear,
Who brought an Antidote, (with vaſt Delight,)
Againſt the Venom of a Sland'rer's Bite!
So, we eſteem the amicable Band,
Who, as thy firm Supporters deign'd to ſtand:

T' avert

T' avert the threat'ning Torrent, hemm'd Thee round,
And prov'd a ſtrong impenetrable Mound.

So, we with Gratitude, the Court revere,
Whoſe Verdict was more pleaſing to the Ear,
Than Handel's Strains, or the fair Charmer's Lay,
Which wins our Hearts, and ſteals our Souls away.

With gallant PYE;—I likewiſe hope thy Sword,
With ſo much Honour courteouſly reſtor'd;
Will be in Duty, at thy Sov'reign's Call,
Once more unſheath'd againſt the boaſting Gaul:
May ev'ry Effort with Succeſs be crown'd!
And no falſe Belial in the Fleet be found!
May'ſt Thou proceed accumulating Fame;
And France ſtill tremble at a KEPPEL's Name.

TO THE

PUBLIC.

I SING the Man, Malice cou'd not remove
From the broad Basis of the Public Love:
Keppel triumphant! and his treach'rous Foe,
Baffled, and foil'd, with ſhameful Overthrow!
Who, baſely fraught with amicable Guile,
Conceal'd his Malice with a fraudful Smile;
A Blow, at Keppel's Life, and Honour aim'd!
And ſuddenly, the Perfidy proclaim'd!
Deſpis'd the gentler Uſe of mortal Steel;
And ſtrove to make the deſtin'd Victim feel
More poignant Anguiſh, than the Wretch who dies
'Midſt ev'ry Torment, Tyrants can deviſe!

For

For brave Men feel, when wrapp'd in ſcorching Flame,
Pangs leſs acute, than when they loſe their Fame!
Keppel, with Smiles, his weak Endeavours view'd;
With TRUTH, and PRUDENCE arm'd, invulnerable ſtood.

How juſtly may we diſapprove the Man!
Sole, or joint Author of th' infernal Plan!
Who rais'd a Tumult in the Britiſh State!
And ſtrove a GALLANT FRIEND to criminate!
Who cou'd, (what ſeems incredible,) proclaim,
(To Gallia's Honour, and Great Britain's Shame,)
KEPPEL was tardy, and at Honour's Call,
Seem'd tim'rouſly to ſhun the Fleet of Gaul!
How cou'd his Foes attack his INNOCENCE!
Whoſe Actions were a Bulwark of Defence!
But Malice dims the Intellects we find;
And ſpreads a dark Suffuſion o'er the Mind.
Exultingly confirm'd in our Belief,
We ſee the long try'd oft VICTORIOUS CHIEF,
Like Phœbus riſe, with efficacious Ray,
To chace the peſtilential Blaſts away!

My Fancy trac'd HIM through a glorious Life!
And ruminated on each mortal Strife!

From Paita's * Fight, down to the very Day,
When the French Fleet, not Britain's, ran away:
As if Veſuvius from its Baſis torn,
Againſt Gorce to Battle had been born,
I ſaw HIM gliding on, fiercely t' aſſail
Fort after Fort, and glorioufly prevail!
The Frenchmen ſhrunk from the briſk Cannonade,
Which the Torbay, and Britain's Squadron made.

When Hawke a Signal made to break the Line;
(Renowned Hawke! whoſe Fame will ever ſhine!)
Anxious to graſp at Victory in View:
I ſaw HIM then the Gallic Foe purſue!
I mark'd HIM crouding through the foaming Sea,
With Patriotic Glow, to ſeize his Prey!
I ſaw HIM then, intrepidly engage,
And Theſee ſink beneath his Naval Rage!
I ſaw HIM ſail, the Britiſh Troops to guard,
(And Gallic Reinforcements to retard;)
When on Belleiſle, they made a bold Deſcent,
And ev'ry ſkilful ſtrong Impediment,

* In early Youth, under Admiral Anſon, at the Attack of Paita, a Cannon Ball graz'd ſo near his Temple, as to carry away Part of a Jockey Cap he then wore.

Prov'd ineffectual, to preſerve the Gaul;
Whilſt KEPPEL pointed where the Storm ſhou'd fall!
I mark'd his VIGILANCE, his SKILL, and CARE,
So that no threat'ning Dangers cou'd come near:
There, like their GUARDIAN GENIUS, was HE found,
Until Succeſs had their Endeavours crown'd:
The whole French Force, cou'd never carry War,
Through that well-form'd impenetrable Bar,
Which HE had drawn around th' invaded Shore,
But diſtant threaten'd, and perform'd no more!
And Cuba too, his Gallantry confeſs'd,
When Spaniſh Pride by Britain was depreſs'd:
Belleiſle was Strong! and this Attack likewiſe,
Might well be deem'd a dang'rous Enterprize!
There, 'mongſt the Britiſh Worthies was HE found,
Where Duty call'd, and where grim Danger frown'd:
And Reaſon ſays, He may moſt juſtly claim
An ample Share of the victorious Fame.

Like Jove, careering in a Thunder Cloud,
Arm'd with Ætherial War, and Tempeſt loud!
Sedate, HE rang'd along the Gallic Line!
'Midſt flaming Gloom! with viſible Deſign,

Gainſt

'Gainſt Le * Bretagne the Britiſh Bolts to throw;
In hopes to ſink an Hoſtile Broadſide blows:
Such, was the ſlaughtring Havock which He made!
Such, was th' Effect of his brisk Cannonade!
The Gallic Admiral's ſimple Tier grew mute!
Unable to maintain the rough Diſpute!
That ſcarce one Warlike Greeting was exchang'd
Tho' very near the Formidable rang'd!
Theſe, are a Part of gallant Actions done
By Keppel, in a Time of Glory gone;
And ſhou'd have ſerv'd as Cautions to reſtrain
The Man, however confident, and vain,
Within due Bounds; who cou'd premeditate
Ill-founded Charges, to diſturb the State:

* This Part of the French Fleet had been roughly handled, by Admiral Keppel's and Vice Admiral Harland's Diviſions, as they paſs'd; and Le Bretagne, the French Admiral's Ship, in particular, ſeemed to have received her *quantum ſufficit*, from the Victory; ſo that the Formidable paſs'd her, almoſt unmoleſted; altho' another French three Deck Ship was near. Captain Faulkner, of the Victory; Mr. Rogers, Secretary; and Mr. More, Clerk and Purſer, to Admiral Keppel, declared that the Victory's Fire was chiefly reſerved for the French Admiral; who had another three Deck Ship cloſe a-ſtern of Him: By which it appears, the Victory did ſingle out, engage with, and did no Doubt ſilence, the French Admiral: And the Account, which Captain Bazely, of the Formidable, gave of the Action, ſeems to confirm it. In Anſwer, to one Queſtion, He ſaid, "The center Admiral, and two other Ships, returned us but very little of their Fire;" and to another Queſtion, concerning the Formidable's being nearly aboard one of the Enemy's Ships, He ſaid; "ſhe appear'd to be ſilenc'd, before We reach'd Her."

But

But ſpite of this, as if by Providence,
Bereav'd of Prudence, Truth, and common Senſe;
Sir Hugh precipitately wou'd contend,
And ſtriye to criminate a noble Friend!
Five * Charges He advanc'd againſt the Chief,
Deſign'd to ſtagger National Belief;
Rais'd a Commotion! and a Rumour ſpread,
He'd pluck the Laurels from the Vet'ran's Head!
So, when the Mountains, with convulſive Shocks,
Threaten'd Subverſion of the pond'rous Rocks;
Such were the lab'ring Throes, Spectators fear'd
Some ſtrange Event, until a Mouſe appear'd!

The firſt Charge ſays, (what none did then believe,
And this the Purport of the Narrative:)
That having Thirty Sail at his Command,
Ships of the Line; (and near the Gallic Land,)
Thirty French Line of Battle Ships, (no more)
Appear'd, (and ſail'd along their hoſtile Shore:)
On the Fourth Day, Sir Hugh thus underſtood,
Un-officer-like Conduct Keppel ſhew'd;

* N. B. The Purport of the five Charges, is in Italics.

Did not th' expected wonted Signal make,
That ev'ry Ship ſhou'd her own Station take;
And to that Station ſhou'd Herſelf confine,
Becauſe the (whole) *French Fleet were in a Line!*
As regular as flying Ships cou'd be,
Who wiſh'd t' avoid a chacing Enemy!
And Fighting ſeem'd to be ſo much their Plan,
That they a-head in Line of Battle ran!
And led the Britiſh Fleet a four Days Dance!
But, that He might retard the Fleet of France,
The Charge declares, (ſo ill He fill'd his Place,)
He Signals made for ſev'ral Ships to chace!
(To intercept the French deſerted Rear,
To ſcatter, fight, and take, or ſtrike with Fear!)
The Conſequence (might be moſt plainly ſeen,)
The Ships were ſcatter'd more than they had been.
Did this his want of Judgment then betray,
To drive two Line of Battle * Ships away?
Did this expoſe his want of Naval Skill,
To force the French to fight againſt their Will?
But this did not Sir Hugh's Acceptance meet;
This render'd his diſpers'd diſorder'd Fleet,

* On the 24th of July, Admiral Keppel, by chacing to [illegible]ward, drove Le Duc de Bourgogne, and L'Alexandre, from the French Fleet. Vide the Defence.

More

More * *Scatter'd (wide) and visibly increas'd*
The first Disorder of the Blue, at least!
He then advanc'd to strike the destin'd Blow,
(To Battle brought a most reluctant Foe)
But, what's more unaccountable, (He said,)
They were not beaten! and they had not fled!
Nor were they in Disorder! (tho' in Fear
To slacken Sail, and save th' insulted Rear!
They briskly strove t' avoid the British Fleet,
And prov'd themselves most cautiously discreet!)
Tho' KEPPEL acted with brave HAWKE in View,
A general Action did not then ensue!
Flag Officers, and Chiefs, were left t' engage;
Who, *without Order*, met the Gallic Rage!
No, prudent *Regularity appear'd!*
Whilst onward steadily the Frenchmen steer'd!
Were found so near them in a reg'lar Line!
Most plainly indicating a Design,
To give them *Battle*: (and like Stags at Bay,
Engage, because they cou'd not run away!)

* Vide Admiral Keppel's Defence, in Answer to this most artful, ill-stated, and fallacious Charge.

Some

Some were confus'd! Some fought at Honour's Call!
Some came not near enough to fight the Gaul!
'Midst the Confusion, (which the French desir'd,)
The King's own Ships into each other fir'd!)
By which, the (amicable kind Sir Hugh,
Prudent, and brave) *Vice Admiral of the Blue;*
Was unsupported, (like the French Rear) *left;*
Singly to fight, (of Succour quite bereft!)
(For what Assistance 'gainst an Enemy,
Can three * stout Ships of Line of Battle be?)
That in his Duty, (might be plainly seen,)
Keppel remiss, and negligent had been!

And by a second Charge, it seem'd t' appear,
He did not tack upon the Gallic Rear,
Quick as He shou'd; (and by that sudden Tack,
Confuse, and drive the sternmost Vessels back;
To be expos'd to Gallic Fire, and Scoff;
Rak'd fore and aft, or finally cut off!
Unlike the British Chiefs,) *Himself withdrew;*
Engag'd, and unsupported, left Sir Hugh!

* Vide Admiral KEPPEL's Defence.

Expos'd

*Expos'd to be cut * off!* to Britain's Coſt!
And all his Services for ever loſt!
But Heav'n reſerv'd Him for a nobler End!
To celebrate a moſt deſerving Friend!
To hold the Culprit up to Public View!
And fix the Odium where 'twas juſtly due!
So, when with broken Teeth, and bleeding Jaws,
A temper'd File th' envenom'd Viper gnaws,
Harmleſs he tugs, and writhes, and vainly toils,
Th' intended Miſchief on Himſelf recoils!
What's more incredible than all before!
A third Charge ſays, the Blue's Vice Adm'ral wore;
And laid his Head towards the Enemy,
Then in their Wake, as near as He cou'd be;
Expecting to behold A GLORIOUS SIGHT!
Keppel advancing to renew the Fight,
With all the Ships! But will Sir Hugh advance,
All then were fit to fight the Fleet of France?
Were none diſabled; (ſure his Mem'ry fails,)
In Hulls, in Rigging, Maſts, and Yards, and Sails?
Himſelf, among the reſt, or I miſtake,
Never bore down into the Vict'ry's Wake!

* The Anſwer which Captain Bazely, of the Formidable, gave concerning the Time when this Danger was apprehended, is enough to invalidate the Charge: for He ſtates the Time to be, before the Formidable opened her Fire.

Altho' the Signal ſtill for Battle flew!
And gallant Windſor bore the Meſſage too!
And to enforce that Meſſage which He bore;
Bertie, Verbatim, ſpoke the ſame twice more!
Whilſt from his Lips theſe four Reſponſes fell,
I perfectly (Sir) *underſtand you* (well!)
The Charge goes on, proceeding to relate,
(The Culpability to aggravate;)
Altho' the brave Vice Adm'ral of the Red,
Firſt out of Fight, with all his Canvas ſpread;
With his leaſt damag'd Ships, was then in Sight,
Ready, and able, to renew the Fight;
Keppel did not advance, but ſhorten'd Sail!
(As if his Courage had begun to fail!)
Haul'd down the Signal, and forgot to Call
The Ships together, 'gainſt the Fleet of Gaul!
Whilſt yet to Windward, Harland's Squadron lay,
(Who proper Signals wou'd no Doubt obey,)
Prepar'd at all Events, to Chace, or meet,
And fight the French diſorder'd beaten Fleet!
Which ſtrives to prove, (that in this trying Hour,)
He did not do the utmoſt in his Pow'r,
As was his Duty, greatly to annoy,
To take, or ſink, or burn, or to deſtroy,

The

The Fleet of France; *that* (boldly dar'd to meet,
And) *had that Day attack'd the Britiſh Fleet!*
The fourth Charge ſays, (for Repetition's Sake,)
That He did more than this one Error make,
Spreading no Sail, th' Engagement to renew,
As well *He might*, *and* juſtly *ought to do!*
But wore, (as Friends, and Foes, might plainly ſee;)
And ſail'd directly from the Enemy!
Thus, *led the Whole of Britain's Fleet away!*
(As making off, and ſeeming in Diſmay!)
Which gave an Opportunity, (they ſeiz'd)
To rally, *unmoleſted*, (as they pleas'd)
To form their Line, *and*, (ſhameful to repeat,)
Boldly *to ſtand after the Britiſh Fleet!*
(At which Sir Hugh, (like one that's drowning) caught,
And to the Court, this French Manœuvre brought.)
This had, it ſeems, *th' Appearance of a Flight!*
(So it appear'd in the Vice Adm'ral's Sight!)
This was diſgraceful to the Britiſh Flag!
And gave the Gallic Adm'ral Cauſe to brag!
With juſt *Pretence*, *a Victory to claim!*
(To Gallia's Honour! and Great Britain's Shame!)
And publiſh to the World, (that in Diſmay)
The beaten Britiſh Fleet then ran away!

That He purſu'd it with the Fleet of Gaul!
But, deaf as Adders, to bright Glory's Call,
They ſhun'd his offer'd Battle! (Fear prevail'd!)
And their diſabled Ships, his Ships outſail'd!
The Fifth Charge ſays, *that, on the following Day,*
Only three Ships near Britain's Squadron lay;
And that the Reſt at greater Diſtance were
To Leeward; (Breſtward too, He ſhou'd declare.)
It ſeems as if their Line they cou'd not keep:
They were not in a Line; but in an Heap!
Tho' this appear'd to ev'ry Perſon's View;
Keppel did not the flying Foes purſue!
Nor Chace theſe Ships, th' Accuſer doth proteſt!
Which three Ships quickly fled, to join the reſt!
But on the contrary, (as twice before,
He condeſcends t' inform the Court once more,)
Directly from the Enemy He lay!
And led the Britiſh Fleet another Way!
By theſe Neglects, and great Miſconduct too!
(Baſely exhibited to Public view!
By this Behaviour full of Turpitude!)
The good Sir Hugh doth finally conclude;
(After great Care, and Toil, and fruitleſs Coſt;)
A glorious Opportunity was loſt,

Of doing (had it been the Will of Fate,)
A moſt eſſential Service to the State!
And the great Honour (to the World well known,)
Of Britain's Navy, (which unſully'd ſhone,)
Until that ever memorable Day,
Was tarniſh'd! and its bright refulgent RAY,
Which faſcinated with its dreadful Blaze!
Now grew ſo dim, that Gallic Foes cou'd gaze!
Cou'd with Impunity provoke the Fight!
And boaſt they bore the FORMIDABLE Sight!
Whatever Fate deſign'd, 'tis evident,
That if Sir Hugh had any ſuch Intent,
In five Hours Space, He wou'd have ſhot a-head,
Without another Foot of Canvas ſpread;
And left the Victory ſome Miles aſtern;
As ev'ry Man may eaſily Diſcern:
Since in each Hour, their Log Books have explain'd,
One Knot at leaſt, the Formidable gain'd:
Can any Reader after this conclude,
Sir Hugh cou'd wiſh to ſee the Fight renew'd?
The *Log Books* were produc'd, when all, ſurpriz'd!
Heard *Two* had been corrected and reviſ'd!
The *Formidable's*, to enhance its Worth,
Under the Sanction of *Sir Hugh* came forth!

Three Leaves were from their proper Places rent,
Which plainly indicated baſe Intent!
Now, *Marſhall* as an Evidence appear'd,
And was with gen'ral Approbation heard:
Had nearly through Examination paſt,
And the grand * *Queſtion* being put at laſt;
No! no! no! He anxiouſly reply'd;
As GOD's my JUDGE! and firmly thus deny'd,
All Knowledge of Neglect on KEPPEL's Part;
And ſpoke, as if He ſpoke it from his Heart.
Marſhall's Senſations ſeem'd around to fly,
Fluſh in each Face, and flaſh from Eye to Eye!
A joyful Tumult the Spectators rais'd;
A ſudden *Plaudit* ſpoke them greatly pleas'd!
The *Chiefs* in gen'ral; *gen'rous, juſt, and brave,*
A well *deſerved Approbation* gave:
In Language full of *genuine Reſpect,*
Declar'd they knew *no Inſtance* † *of Neglect*;

* The Queſtion, which Admiral Montague put in general, to the Captains, concerning their Knowledge of Neglect, &c.

† There needs no Recital here, of the well known Names, of the few diſſentient Commanders; who refuſed to give an Anſwer to Admiral Montague's Queſtions, concerning their Knowledge of Neglect, &c. and had no Emulation, to rank among the Naval Worthies; who generouſly ſtrove to clear a brave, judicious, and innocent Commander in Chief, from ſlanderous Aſperſions; and to ſupport the untarniſhed Honour of the Britiſh Navy.

Indignant *ſpurn'd* at ev'ry *Charge* was brought!
And ſeem'd to *reprobate the ſpiteful Thought!*
A ſympathetic Fluſh of *Joy* appear'd,
When the *glad Audience* their Reſponſes heard!
Frequent they turn'd, with a *reſentful Smile*,
T'wards th' *Accuſer*, who appear'd the while,
Like *Haman*, trembling at approaching Fate,
When ESTHER ſpoke, his *Treaſon* to relate!
Beyond Conception, were his *Doubts* and *Fears*;
The Words, were *poiſon'd Daggers* to his Ears!
When, to fill up the Meaſure of his Woes!
The injur'd brave Reſpondent CHIEF aroſe,
I ſeem to hear HIM thus HIMSELF expreſs,
And paint his *amicable deep Diſtreſs!*
Now *Amor Patriæ*, and *Friendſhip* rais'd
A *Storm* within, not eaſily appeas'd!
Can *Juſtice*, and my *Country* be content!
How can I think my *Friend* is Innocent!
I fain wou'd think *Sir Hugh* * is greatly brave!
But, how can *He* his *wounded Honour* ſave!
This is no Time for * *Scrutiny* to call!
And by that Means, confirm the boaſting Gaul,

** Vide Admiral Keppel's Defence; and Queſtion to Mr. Rogers, his Secretary.

And

And all the Nations round, in that Belief;
Great Britain had *a ſingle Naval Chief*,
Cou'd *Tardy* prove, and *Diſobedient* too!
When *Duty* call'd, and *Frenchmen* were in View!
Shall I, when ENGLAND's Welfare is at Stake,
Complain! arraign! and public Tumults make!
Court Martial will retard the *deſtin'd Blow*;
And check our *Operations* 'gainſt the Foe.
Whilſt *Juſtice*, loud, and *ſternly*, ſeem'd to call,
To point *on whom her lifted Sword* ſhou'd fall;
Sweet Friendſhip whiſper'd, *He, another Day*,
May wipe the *diſobedient Stain away*:
May yet, for HONOUR *glorioufly contend!*
He ſerves his COUNTRY, and *I ſave my Friend!*
But *He* hath treated me with *Inſult rude*,
And prov'd a *Monſter of Ingratitude!*
The VET'RAN ceas'd, His INNOCENCE appear'd:
Repeated SHOUTS of loud APPLAUSE were heard:
But what th' *Accuſer* felt, Oh! who can tell!
So hears the *Wretch* condemn'd, *his paſſing Bell!*
Complacence reign'd 'mongſt thoſe, throughout the Court,
Who came, the CAUSE OF HONOUR to ſupport:
Their friendly *Exultation* greater grew,
As nearer ſtill the *grand Concluſion drew.*

UNANIMOUS,

UNANIMOUS, were our COMMANDERS BRAVE:
Such was the NOBLE VERDICT which THEY gave:
Beſides ACQUITTAL from imputed Blame,
It ſpoke HIS WORTH! and loud proclaim'd HIS FAME!
NOBILITY, and GENTRY, greatly pleas'd!
Repeatedly, loud *Acclamations* raiſ'd!
Abaſh'd: *th' Accuſer* found th' Attempt was vain,
On KEPPEL'S INNOCENCE to fix a *Stain*.
Thus have we ſeen, whilſt (cloath'd in Splendor bright,)
Phœbus diſpenſes his Meridian Light;
The fœtid Vapours, which from Earth ariſe,
In gloomy Clouds condens'd, obſcure the Skies:
'Till th' uncompaniſhed Solar Ray,
Hath purg'd the Air, and chac'd the Gloom away:
New Life, new Vigour, all around appears;
And a more pleaſing Aſpect Nature wears.
Now CLIO! teach thy Votary to Sing!
The VICTOR faithfully hath ſerv'd His KING:
The MONARCH ſmil'd! th' approving PEERS began
To gratulate the BRAVE, the WORTHY MAN:
The COMMONS felt an emulating Flame;
When, to reſume his SEAT, the WARRIOR came;
Each Face was flush'd with *Joy!* all ſeem'd elate,
To ſee the VET'RAN CHAMPION of the STATE!

And whilſt the Grand EULOGIUM was beſtow'd,
Each PATRIOTIC HEART with Tranſport glow'd!
As if intranc'd with Pleaſure, KEPPEL ſtood
O'erwhelmid with Joy! abſorb'd in GRATITUDE!
His *Sentiments* too big for *Utterance* grew!
And all His *Soul* came rushing to the View!
O! GLORIOUS TRIUMPH in a PUBLIC CAUSE!
Juſtly deſerving NATIONAL APPLAUSE
Whilſt *Sons of Guile*, who cou'd his Fall conſpire,
To palpable Obſcurity retire!
What greater HONOUR can be gain'd below!
Than BRITAIN'S LEGISLATURE can beſtow
Join'd with AUGUSTA'S SMILES! who deigns t' approve,
And add her FREEDOM to the PUBLIC LOVE.

11 7 19

F I N I S.